

# The Manifesto.

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### A TRINITY.

OLIVER C. HAMPTON.

What are Religion—Science—Reason?  
 Those mellowing forces all sublime,  
 Which blend their blessings all in season,  
 To light the gloomy crypts of Time;  
 Or, like the calm and gentle showers  
 In April Ides or early May,  
 Unfolding gay, aromal flowers  
 To deck the dreamy, vernal day.  
 Religion! what intense emotion  
 Thy very name and need implies,  
 The wave song of the calm, old Ocean  
 With thy enchantment faintly vies.  
 All poetry, how dead and soulless,  
 Without thy resurrecting beam,  
 As gleaming sun on Gladiolus,  
 To warm, to chasten and redeem.  
 Thy faith, thy hope, thy glad fruitions,  
 Lift soul and body from the grave  
 Of rudimental, low conditions,  
 From Sin's remorse and sorrow's wave.  
 That hideous spectre of delusion,  
 Agnosticism, drear as Hell,  
 Against thy peace makes no intrusion,  
 Thy gentle force cannot expel.  
 And thy serene, immortal glory  
 Is culminated all in this,  
 That pilgrims of thy halcyon story

Exult in never ending bliss.  
 And Science, systematic power,  
 Untangling all the strands of life,  
 Relieving man's intensest hour  
 Of doubt and weary, mental strife,—  
 Relieving all the ways mysterious,  
 All footprints of supernal Love  
 From terrors of a fate imperious,  
 Grim fiat of an angry Jove;  
 Reducing to their proper level  
 All tho't-germs, solid or unsound,  
 A wrathful God or ruthless Devil,  
 With equal ease to powder ground  
 In these remorseless mills of science;  
 Mills of the gods that grind so slow;  
 Yet yield to error no compliance,  
 Or whom or what they overthrow.  
 Pale superstition fears and trembles,  
 And sin and ignorance stand aghast,  
 When science her dread host assembles  
 Their structures all to blight and blast.  
 O, sacred handmaid of Religion,  
 Be mine, thy mysteries to explore,  
 The beauties of thy realm are legion,  
 Thy blessings fresh, forever more.  
 Bright truths in endless evolutions  
 From chaff of wrong and error sifting,  
 Thy bless'd and growing institutions,  
 So purifying and uplifting,  
 Shall never cease to bless the nations  
 So long as time and earth endures,  
 Dispensing grandest inspirations

In rich and everlasting stores.  
 Then comes in glory human reason,  
 God-given guide to finite man,  
 Both instant, in and out of season,  
 All things of consciousness to scan.  
 Fast faithful friend, thro' all the ages,  
 Unless by curse of sin defied,  
 Mild lamp of light to saints and sages,  
 Who thro' all time have lived and died  
 In weal or woe, in fast allegiance  
 To thy rapt oracles of right,  
 To thy suggestions all obedience,  
 Life's dusky paths to cheer and light.  
 Thou sit'st in regal state and royal,  
 And man thy solemn mandate hears,  
 And by thy sacred counsels, loyal,  
 His conscience renovates and clears.  
 Dread, peerless throne of arbitration,  
 Twixt what we are and ought to be  
 In science, art and inspiration,  
 Thou judgest all our destiny.  
 Cold intellect and calm emotion  
 Own equally thy matchless power,  
 And earth, and air, and sky, and ocean,  
 Vast, rolling orb, and tiny flower,  
 And all arcana deep of nature,  
 Here and hereafter, heav'n and hell,  
 Creations all and their Creator,  
 Their mysteries thou unravest well.  
 This sacred trine—Religion, Science, Reason,  
 Move all the wheels of destiny for man.  
 With these there is no break, revolt or treason,  
 Eternal concord is their peaceful plan.  
 Who would divorce this mystic band supernal  
 Or break the ties their holy compact rule  
 With atheistic ministry infernal,  
 Must be a gibbering madman or a fool.  
 Agreement, perfect union, reign forever  
 Among all truths wherever felt or found,  
 If any twain, man turning fool might sever,  
 This all the rest might hopelessly confound,  
 If science could with holiest religion  
 Antagonize or make the smallest jar, [region,  
 'Twould make all heaven a hell beleaguered  
 And fill the Universe with fiercest war.  
 If pure Religion could conflict with reason  
 And human fate could thus be cut in two,  
 Both halves would be in everlasting treason  
 And God himself a hideous bugaboo.  
 Nay, cease forever this egregious folly,  
 Antagonizing truths with other truths  
 In reason's view, a faith most melancholy,  
 Which only bat-eyed superstition soothes.  
 The truths of sweet religion, reason, science,  
 Are easy, pleasant, all, to reconcile;  
 Unless to common sense we bid defiance,  
 And put our confidence in errors vile.  
 From age to age, like silent dews of Hermon,  
 Distills for every weary, yearning child  
 This pure, this peaceful, elevating sermon,  
 Whereby all truths are blent and reconciled,  
 And still shall sound unto remotest ages  
 This sacred trine of truth and beauty fair [pages  
 Whose light hath gleam'd on all the burning

Of past and present hist'ry every where.  
 Bright horoscope of future gain and glory,  
 Vast combination of all form and force,  
 Not'sickle, fragile, vain or transitory  
 Shall be thy ceaseless upward, onward course.  
 All swift progression and all evolution,  
 From low to high, depend upon ye three,  
 Soul, intellect, and most divine emotion,  
 But in your holy UNION can be free  
 And normal, timely, and in due proportion,  
 Developed perfectly for earth or heaven,  
 Dissolve the trine and monsters of distortion  
 Evolve the sins that cannot be forgiven.  
 Religion, may I ever own thy power.  
 Pure science, lead me by thy sacred light,  
 Blest reason, me direct in every hour,  
 As onward, upward still I take my flight  
 To regions pure of higher inspiration,  
 Of holier tho'ts and actions ever more,  
 Where from sublimest highs of elevation  
 All planes of Love and Truth I may explore.  
*Union Village, Ohio.*

### GOD'S KINGDOM,—ITS LIFE.

GILES B. AVERY.

Spiritually, as physically, when the pabulum of life is scant, and hunger is rampant, mankind struggle with determined energy to obtain sustenance; but, when abundance is dispensed, society becomes dainty; whimsical and delicate.

When the human family, unenlightened, and groping in darkness, stumbled into pitfalls of sin, against the laws of truth and righteousness, and, as the fruit thereof, suffered in sorrow and pain, man was prompted to struggle for light, and emancipation from error; but, when, bathed in the sunshine of truth, by the rays of revelation and science, and a high way of truth is cast up to walk in, and cleared of the stumps and rocks of error, then, there is a tendency to indifference, and listlessness; to effeminacy and weakness; a dependence on the institution, and its provincial strength, instead of personal wrestling for the prize of salvation and redemption!

As the belief in the sufferings of Jesus for the sins of professed believers in his mission, induces in an obtuse conscience, a liberty to sin, so the tendency of by-laws, communal organizations,—institutions of safety for souls, in the dispensation of Christ's Second Appearing,—a privilege of fellowship with the pure and good, is, by some, used as a substitute for personal struggle, and wrestling to overcome the powers of sin in the soul of the individual; thus ensues supineness, weakness, stupidity, a lifelessness and want of interest in the attainment of spiritual force!!

When Institutions survive only by dint of formerly earned respectability, dead weight character, their decease is inevitable. But, if Christianity perishes in the soul of any individual professor, or any community of professors, it is not from outward opposition, but from internal idleness;—a suicide! The tendency of religionists, unless constantly supplied with living inspirations, is, graduating to indifferentism; but, in this condition, man's hope of Heaven dies; he then sinks into materialism, and lives but for sensual pleasure, which ends in death for both soul and body.

A mere ceremonial christianity, soon becomes not only tasteless, but disgusting. Prayers which do not flow from the soul's vital recesses and consecrated chambers, are like perfumes, wasted on the desert air. A living spirit is shocked at the contradictions between living principles,—christian, and the practical lives of many christian professors; and, yet, custom, fashion, the poise of the multitude, soon fuse the souls of the masses of professors of Christianity into acquiescence. Sorrowful!

The bewildering sophism of justifica-

tion by faith alone, dazes the senses, bedims the spirit's vision, and alone makes possible the organization of a church whose creed is substituted for righteousness of life. Genuine Christianity, which fits the soul for Divine inspirations, will not permit the covering of internal evils, by external professions. But, it is lamentably the fact, that this kind of Christianity, has, at present, very few devotees; while those professedly christian churches, falsely so named, that pander most to worldly vices, and selfish greed, which succeeding ages, and non-professing beholders brand as crimes, will be most numerous!

A profession of Christianity which proposes the attainment of Heaven only in the world to come, while countenancing the indulgence of sin in this life, is the curse of the Christian Cause, the bane of true religion. The world is perishing for a religion that makes an end of sinning, and thus introduces heaven upon earth—its advent in the soul of the professor. A claim to a love of God, which does not find expression in love to man, is as frail as a rope of sand. What the world labels Christian, is a vile drug, producing spiritual disease and death, instead of curing the sinner. It would find its analogy in a sick man's contemplating being healed by his prescribing physician using the medicine himself. But, the world desires a Christianity which will save men in their self-hood of sins; while Christ's christianity is to save men from this sinful self-hood; and still, the very religion that the world seeks, it despises! It has lost faith in it, because of its impotency!

But, the human soul, like a wind-decayed aeronaut, is peering into universal

space to find anchorage,—a place of safety and rest; this is prophetic of a new day; for “He that seeketh, findeth, and, to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.” Humanity is traveling to a new birth! The tangled skein of the thread of creedal theology,—called popular religion, has strongly tied up the portemonnaie of salvation, and that soul food that satisfies the hungering spirit for Divine Inspirations; but, the sword of revealed truth will cut its gordian knot, and open a religion whose love to God above is manifest in love to man below.

This institutes a kingdom wherein self interest is eliminated; and inaugurates the platonic philanthropy, and love to humanity, which provides that all gains shall be dedicated to the weal of that kingdom of God, which breathes peace on earth, to man, good will: therefore, no man can come into this kingdom, in its true and spiritual relations, keeping back his possessions. In this kingdom all are servants of God and His Christ; but, in different ranks of service; hence, obedience to the revealed will of our Heavenly King, is the law of this association. Every true subject stands ever ready for any service unto which the call extends, if able to perform its duties; giving life, substance and talents, to the kingdom; and, in these, the King and kingdom are manifested in their glorious dominion; for every true soldier of Christ, now freed from selfish, worldly cares, is at liberty, like the birds of Heaven, to move where duty in Zion’s heavenly interest calls.

Souls enveloped in their sin stained garments are repulsive to virgin spirits, clothed in holiness! Has the Lord instituted any means of soul cleansing? Indeed, He hath not left man without a

very efficient soul detergent—an honest confession of every sin, accompanied by sincere repentance,—leaving off. Then, that universal love, that develops charity and mercy, the ministering evangel which alone can reach their benighted retreat, and lead them out, into the sunshine of God’s great salvation, will heal the wounds that sin hath made. But, the Kingdom of God is not formed by coercion; it is built up by volunteer laborers, who inherit eternal substance; not as the wages of hirelings, but as heirs,—sons and daughters in the house of our Heavenly Father and Mother.

This kingdom permits no extremes of opulence and poverty, but its bounties are the feast of its every subject, and, poverty, unknown. Therefore, when souls are so progressed in godliness that all their interests are merged in the will of the Divine, no selfish desire and purpose can find a residence in their domain; neither will they contract a larger self interest communistically, solating family from family, and community from community; but, they will act on the principle that the whole treasure, of souls truly consecrated to the work of building up a “New, and Heavenly Creation” that centers in God, and all who serve the Lord, will be their welcome guests; and all who have sinned, and truly confess and repent, will be invited in.

This banishes the incentive which propels the selfish man, the man of the world; banishes the greed of Mammon, and his hireling spoils; for no man can inherit the riches of the fullness of the Kingdom of God, who selfishly reserves his possessions of private claim; aye, more, his personal life. But, if souls truly enter God’s Kingdom, they will,

they must lay upon its shrine their only all; for, when their life is merged into this heavenly relation, their whole interest will be like God's sunshine, devoted to do good unselfishly, first, to the Household of faith, and thence outward as far as the treasures of their munificence may extend. With true heaven born souls, a selfish portion hoarded, and used only for self, is abhorrent, for their life is swallowed up in the one united inheritance of the saints—the true subjects of Christ's Kingdom. Any other use of gains, starves brotherly and sisterly manhood and womanhood, while the animal body is fed.

If the communion table is divided by self interests the Church rends itself into heresies, and ceases to be endued with the Holy Spirit, which is the life of the one united inheritance of Christ's Kingdom.

"Let him that readeth understand." And, to rule successfully in Christ's Kingdom one must acquire the virtue to love humanity as God loves; not sins, but souls! "All souls are mine, saith the Lord." And, "if ye love those only who love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?"

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

### OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

Paul, a converted Apostle to the faith of Jesus, and zealous worker and defender of the Church in the first pentecostal age, when speaking of the earthly tabernacle, and looking towards its dissolution, said: If it were dissolved, we have a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." He spake of it as a permanent dwelling, also as clothing. As

our thoughts turn towards that house we are intuitively led to enquire, What are its component parts? how made, and of what material is it formed? Certainly it cannot be builded of dissoluable substances like the earthly, and the material bodies which we inhabit. We did not create the elements of which the human structure is formed; but to a certain extent, by proper food and culture we may shape its features, and add beauty and strength to it and length of days.

We reason from the evidence produced to our external senses. If we dwell in the past, and rest upon the experiences of others to the neglect of present duty; or, if we ignore the past, we cannot employ the present profitably. If we read and rightly understand ancient and modern history, and take lessons from the wise and unwise, and bring forward the Literature, Science and Religion of those of other days, to subserve the present; knowledge thus obtained, is invaluable.

The natural is metaphorical of the spiritual; from the former, we generate ideas, and draw conclusions; and as we advance in knowledge, we see that the purely natural in its proper place, time and season, is as justifiable, as the spiritual in its time and place; the one is a conduit or stepping stone to the other; there is no conflict between the two.

We find that all material substances, perish with the using, or, are subject to change, by action of the elements. If we, with those materials, build dwellings for the mortal part to inhabit, however deeply the foundations may be laid in the earth, and however strong the superstructure reared upon those foundations may be, yet fire may devour, and floods may devastate. Not so with the



spiritual. The "Father's house of many mansions," hath foundations embedded in true principles, strong and enduring as the everlasting hills. Upon those foundations many have builded, and many more will build.

If it be so, "that not one good deed is lost, not one petition is unheard, nor forgotten." May we not conclude that the glorious house built in the heavens of "lively stones," indissoluble, is formed of imperishable deeds of true-hearted, noble, self-sacrificing souls, who give their all to the cause of truth. "consecrate their gains and substance to the God of the whole earth?" and that the whole building is firmly cemented together with the prayers and intercessions of saints and martyrs?

By the Christ Spirit—the Rock of Ages—the basic foundations of God's house were laid; and the same spirit that commenced it will complete the structure, even to the "cap-stone." Every stone in that "house of many mansions," will be tried and tested. The Angel who holds the plummet and measuring line in his hand, will apply them with exactness, until all is accomplished. God has His instruments and co-workers. In past ages, He has had His agents on the earth plane. Inspired men and women adapted to the time and age in which they lived, have helped to roll onward the car of human progress until the present time; and He will continue to employ such Agencies.

Angels in Spirit Spheres, also work to upbuild, and sustain every part of the fabric, and are more potent in those spheres, to give impetus, and hasten the work, than mortals are, or can possibly be. How better can we employ our talents and energies, than to work as bes

we may, to help consummate such a glorious design? Will it not redound to our honor and happiness? How can we secure treasures in heaven our prospective home in any other way? It is not by force and power, nor by the wisdom of man, that God's house will be built; but by His Spirit. Let us strive to possess that Spirit. Then we shall not need to wait until the "Head-stone" is brought forth and placed in position; but every stone added to the temple, will call forth shouts of triumph; and the Spirit of Zerubbabel which God grant we may all possess, will cry "Grace, grace unto it."

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

#### ART THOU, INDEED, A CHRISTIAN!

AGNES E. NEWTON.

To the worthy name of Christian  
Dost thou hold an honest claim?  
Art Christ's follower in practice,  
In thy life, as well as name?

Dost thou store and fill thy garner  
With the best that earth can give,—  
Can the love of gain control thee  
And the Christ-life strictly live?

"Go sell all!" was Christ's injunction,  
All forsake, and follow me!

I'm the Way, the Resurrection  
I'm the Vine, the Living Tree.

He claimed those as His relation  
Who obeyed the will of God;  
Do ye copy this example,  
Pattern Him ye claim as Lord?

He in tones of living fervor  
This assertion did declare;  
Whoso loveth father, mother,—  
More, my blessing cannot share.

Broad the basis of his friendship,  
Love, embracing all mankind  
In a universal kinship,  
Not to just a few confined.

He that seeks his life to cherish,  
Loses the eternal gain;

He who freely gives the selfish,  
 May the priceless pearl obtain.  
 Christ proclaimed the resurrection  
 Of the soul from death of sin;  
 And revealed the Virgin order,—  
 "Narrow way," few enter in.  
 To his Father's will and diction,  
 Humbly He resigned his own;  
 Drank the bitter cup, nor murmured—  
 Trod the wine-press all alone.  
 Drink his blood, and share his suffering  
 If ye'd also with Him reign;  
 Live his life of crucifixion  
 Life Eternal to obtain.  
 Ye may follow in the foot-steps  
 Of earth's heroes gone before;  
 But to follow Christ, thy Savior,  
 This, requirereth something more.  
 And the cherished name of Christian,  
 Worthily can be applied  
 To him only, who like Jesus,  
 To the world, is crucified.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

WRITTEN FOR THE MANIFESTO.

ACT WELL YOUR PART, DON'T BE SELFISH.

Remember that it is by imparting happiness to others, and making ourselves useful that we receive happiness. Stand by this truth, live it out, and always keep doing something useful for the common good, doing it well, and acting sincerely. Endeavor to keep your heart in the attitude of cherishing good will to all, thinking and speaking evil of no one, and always with a kind word for every body.

Selfishness is its own curse, it is a standing vice. The man who does no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish miserable shrub. Let all your influence be exerted for the purpose of doing all you can for the common good and individual welfare of every one.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Grudges treasured in the heart  
 Show we do not travel,  
 Goodness bids the wrong depart  
 Without stay or cavil;  
 If we wish our brother well  
 Why retain his error,—  
 See it not, and feel it not,  
 But stand forth his Savior.—*M. W.*

## JOHN WADLEIGH.

BY HENRY C. BLINN.

John was the son of Thomas Wadleigh an early proprietor of Perrytown, now Sutton, N. H. He had eight brothers and three sisters, but from this large family he, only, was a Shaker. "Few families in New England have been more respectable, so long lived, so patriotic and so useful as this family of brothers and sisters of Wadleighs."

John was born in Hawke, now Danville, N. H. March 1, 1759. Although he was one among the first that entered the Shaker order in N. H. he did not reside in Canterbury till 1792.

Ex. Gov. Isaac Hill who visited the Society at Canterbury in 1848 had an interview with John and soon after published the following in the Farmer's Monthly Visitor.

"An Unpensioned Revolutionary Veteran."

"We had hardly expected at this late period to meet a man in New Hampshire whose recollection should extend back as a participator in the events which occurred on Bunker Hill on the 17th, June 1775. In the time of a very pleasant and agreeable visit to our friends of the First Family of Shakers at Canterbury, we took pains to obtain an interview with the oldest man of that Community; John Wadleigh, aged 92 years. At the age of nineteen he fought side by side in the battle of Bunker Hill with an older brother, the late Thomas Wadleigh, of Sutton. He was then of Col. James Read's regiment who went upon the field with Gen. Stark.

"This venerable gentlemen tarried from his work to give us an opportunity

for an interview. We found him at the place where he is always busy at work, and in fact would be out of his element if not at work. When the weather is suitable he enjoys being in the open field. In 1789 he was a Shaker in Enfield, N. H. but has lived in Canterbury since 1792. He bought a lot of land after the Revolution, but he says he heard the first sound of the gospel while at Enfield, and was gathered to that place.

"During this whole time he has been as enthusiastic as if under a divine impulse in his religious profession, never halting in the zeal and confidence which inspire him to lively activity even at this great age. This man in the last sixty years has probably performed more manual labor than possibly any other man who has ever lived in the State.

Within the last twenty years, taking charge of the cultivated fields of the First Family, he has done the work, often, of full two common men; his diligence has always been unwearied, and he has scarcely ever known one hour of ill health. At this great age, under still severe labor, his sleep is as sound as that of an infant. (This year he is taking care of two acres of beans and has hoed them four times.)

"John Wadleigh was a soldier of the Revolution five years. He was at the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775, at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, at the surrender of Burgoyne in Oct. 1777; in the Rhode Island Expedition of 1778 and at the surrender of Cornwallis Yorktown, Va. Oct. 19, 1781."

Becoming a member of the Shaker Community soon after the close of the war, he never applied for, nor received

the pension to which he was entitled by the laws of his country.

With the same unswerving courage that he fought against the enemies of his country, he as ably and as willingly manifested while fighting against the enemies of the Lord. Enthusiastic under the Divine impulse, his zeal and confidence in the religious profession which he had espoused was never known to waver.

After he had accepted the faith of the Believers, he made a journey to Ashfield, Mass. to have an interview with Mother Ann and the Elders, who were holding meetings in that place.

While there, he asked the advice of Mother Ann in reference to the settlement of his temporal affairs, as he was quite anxious to enter the family of Believers.

Mother Ann asked;—Are your parents still living?

John replied,—My mother has passed away, but I am living with my father in the town of Sutton, N. H.

"Then," said Mother Ann, "I advise you, young man, to return to your home and honestly to confess your sins to your father, and then you will be able to hold your testimony. Own the gospel of Christ wherever you go and that will give you strength and protection. If you are ashamed to own Christ before men, he will not own you before God and his angels."

For a short season John Wadleigh officiated as an Elder in the first family, at Canterbury, and for twenty years he had the management of the farm, during which time he made many improvements.

He passed from this life, Oct. 23, 1852 in the 96th year of his age, retaining to the last an active memory and a devoted spirit.

*Canterbury, N. H.*



## BENEFIT OF SILENCE.

SALLY CURELY.

There is great benefit derived from silence and meditation. By these we oftentimes obtain power, not only to act wisely and truthfully, but by comparing the intended acts of our lives by the example of those who follow Christ in all their walk and deportment. In this we are more able to bring our feelings to harmonize with theirs, and come nearer to that state of perfection than we otherwise could.

We have good authority to make this our study by the example of those who have redeemed their souls in our day, and by the testimony of many in preceding generations.

Our first spiritual Parents were silent; bowed before God in deep tribulation of soul, and their spirits breathed prayer. Through all the preceding gifts which have been given of God to his people there has been a sacrifice of the will and natural inclinations by all who obtained them. I have heard the older Sisters with whom I was privileged to live, when a child, speak of threatening dangers which arose in their time, which they passed through unharmed; and that Father Job and Mother Hannah called them to the gift of silence, and prayer to God. At one time they heeded the call so faithfully, they thought one might have heard a pin, if it had fallen upon the floor in the room where they were at work the day succeeding the admonition. Obedience to the voice and spirit of God ever has, and ever will insure a blessing to all souls.

When the children of Israel were commanded by Joshua to march around Jer-

icho for six days in succession, he gave an imperative order to them as follows; "Ye shall not shout, or make any noise with your voice, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout." This required silence and watchfulness, but through their obedience they saw and realized a wonderful display of the power of God, as we read in the eighth chapter of Joshua. We also read "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles." And that the prudent shall keep silence in an evil time. The prophet Zechariah commands all flesh to be silent before God.

This seems to imply that pleading for our wills to lighten the burden of the cross, or if possible mix flesh and spirit, is not acceptable. There are many truths that prove the benefit of bridling the tongue; and we know there is no abiding good gained without it. It is the servants of God that possess his love and favor. He has promised to hear while they are speaking, and before they call, to answer. Moses of old saith, "My speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." It was this same Moses that argued with the Lord concerning speaking his word to the children of Israel; but through obedience to the call of God his speech has become as the showers to bring about his purposes.

Thus it is with the obedient who persevere with constancy; the clouds by day, or tempests by night do not change their purpose. Though they are in the midst of deep waters, God is their refuge. Let us be obedient and trust in Him.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

**"THY WILL BE DONE."**

AURELIA MACE.

Is there any reserve in this? And can "Thy Kingdom come" unless the will of God is done? That heavenly Kingdom which we have been so long striving to attain, and so many have fallen in the fearful struggle. Are we able to take it by violence and hold it?

We believe that the Holy City, the New Jerusalem hath come down from God out of heaven, and we are privileged spiritually to walk its lovely streets. Here wrangling and confusion are very much out of place, and what would be our appearance in soiled and ragged garments? Our spiritual robes cannot be clean and white unless we live in purity in thought, word and deed.

We have been assured that there are angel bands, who march through the heavens, and surround the Throne of the Highest. How could these be held together unless there was perfect order, and each had his place assigned him and kept himself in it? Do they not resign their spirits, and say, "Thy will be done?" So also we must resign our spirits, and cheerfully follow that "cloud by day and pillar of fire by night" which goes before the Chosen People, as they travel away from the wilderness of sin.

"The tabernacle of God is with man."

Believing this, we find God in our union and joining to His saints. Separate our spirits from them and we are lost.

"He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him a new name." This promise is for us if we are worthy; if not others will take our places.

Let us reserve nothing for self, but

with full purpose of heart, resolve to carry out, a perfect consecration in our daily lives, "Thy will be done," and realize the blessings that will be sure to follow.  
*West Gloucester, Me.*

**UNION.**

NANCY G. DANFORTH.

Believing that union to the body of Believers is necessary in order to progress in the work of God, we wish to increase our store, that we may travel heavenward, and be able to come into the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, that righteousness which admits of no wrong, and where the former things are not remembered, the works of the old creation come not into mind; but we can labor for all temporal blessings, while our spirits are continually rising over the low degrees of an evil nature; and by the cross of self-denial constantly ascending higher and still higher in the divine life, until we arrive at the new heavens, where nought but purity reigns, and love to God pervades all.

Full well we know that our redemption is not gained by idle wishes or vain aspirations, but it is by self-denial and sacrifice only.

When we reflect on those days of deepest sorrow, those nights of bitter agony which our suffering Mother Ann Lee passed through that she might prepare herself a temple for the living God; How, we ask, are we to become a child that she can own? Is it by ease, or indulgence in any of the depraved passions or appetites of the human heart? In no wise, only by continued efforts that we lay hold of eternal life, and have it constantly in possession. "Eternal Vigilance is the price of liberty," and in this

struggle against self, we grow that strong bond of union which unites us to the whole household of faith, by the tenderest ties of gospel affection,—ties stronger than nature ever knew. When we look abroad over the earth, and behold man made in the image of God, to be a glory to his Creator, what do we behold? what is the present condition of the masses? God is not in all his thoughts, but he is ever following his own passions, seeking pleasure in ungodliness.

Where, we ask, is the hand stretched forth to save? Can he ever be reached in mercy? And the answer comes in thrilling tones; In Zion is salvation for poor suffering humanity—Then how great the responsibility which rests on her inmates, and how few the number to labor for the many millions of earth's inhabitants.

We must work, work collectively and individually, work earnestly and consecratedly, till we can fully work for God unreservedly, and feel the blessing of His spirit with us continually.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

[From the Phrenological Journal.]

#### FISHING FOR MEN. NO. 1.

BY REV. JOHN WAUGH.

The Great Teacher said to his Apostles after their call: "I will make you to become fishers of men." He would empower them to become the winners of souls. To Peter, the fisherman, he said: "From henceforth thou shalt catch men;" the catching being for salvation, not destruction. Ordinary piscatorial endeavors comprise the death of the prey, but in this moral labor the caught are transferred from a lower element into a higher, from one kind of a life into a better.

These fishers of men are not all of one kind: neither are the fishers of fish. They are of various grades; being physical, intel-

lectual, moral, and spiritual. Some address themselves to a part of the faculties of human nature; they seem to labor in ignorance whether any department was made for other realms than the natural, being profoundly agnostic of any light brighter than the sun, or any worlds beyond the cosmic spheres above. But those who go down into the waters of life covering these mortal shores are seeking to find man as he is to know what he should be, and so work out their great ideal to the most attainable perfection. Let every man be in his own order, ignoring all strife and selfish rivalries, that each in his own way may contribute to the general success of all. The anglers in the brooks and rivers, the trollers on the great lakes, the salmon fishers in Alaska waters, the cod fishers off the New England coast, the fishers with nets where the finny tribe go in schools, as well as the hardy toilers in the Arctic seas, serve as but examples of the variety of endeavors needed in all parts of the ocean of existence.

In our view one of the primeest qualifications for success in this moral-aquatic sphere is love for fishing. Old Isaac Walton went into ecstasies over its pleasures, saying, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." A loved employment, propelled by a strong will, will never fail to reward the worker. A good piscator can never be made to order more than a good poet from one utterly destitute of imagination and sublimity. A sense of duty will never make a Mozart out of a Dr. Johnson; and there are many employed as teachers of men who need others to initiate them into the principles of common sense. Many a fisherman fails because of the absence of the fish; but in villages and cities the crowds are moving uncaught by the attractions of virtue, because there are so few to so present her excellencies as to win them into obedience. The man must be adapted to the calling and the calling to the man. His meat and drink must be the doing of what his conscience and heart prompt. He must have self-knowledge in order to know others. A piscator who does not know the nature and habits of the fish he is in search of will return with but few of them as his reward. Human nature is a great study for the win-

aers of men, and wanting it many whose profession is the benefit of their fellows become repellants rather than attractives. They never find the road to human hearts in order to enthrone reformatory good. It is largely owing to the want of skill in the fishers of men that the fullness of the seas, with all its tide of life, remains unreached.

Good fishermen go to the fish. They rarely wait for the finny tribes to come to them. They go to their grounds, seek them in their haunts, and wait for them in their passage. The corrupters of youth, the destroyers of men, throw out their baits where men most congregate. They spread their nets and allure with their decoys. Like the illegal salmon fishers of Scotland, so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Guy Mannering," they attract them by their torches within range of their slaughtering leisters, or three-barbed prongs, and carry off their unsuspecting victims. It won't do to stand on formalities when men are perishing through an ignorance that may be enlightened, or swept away by a destruction that may be stayed. We need a host of *amateurs* preparing the way for the professionals, proving their fitness for the catching of men in order to their installation for it as their life-calling. He should be regarded as the best fisherman who gets the most fish, but one who had tried his skill upon all waters and yet caught nothing should not be slow in concluding that he had mistaken his calling; to say that he had here and there taken in one should not be regarded as a corrective.

In angling, a great deal depends upon the bait. It should be adapted to the wants of the fish. The bait should not be too large, neither the line too long. We may well be amazed at what was thrown to the young in former years. The little ones were whipped because they could not take in the baits of knowledge given in incomprehensible rules and the driest of all definitions. Catechisms were too often given as soul-food made up of dry bones having not a particle of nutriment. Teachers talked in dead languages. The school was made a house of correction. Biting and digestion were out of the question. Few would expect fish to bite at the naked hook; but the little learners were too often

given no better: and how often have children been addressed in a language which pretty well educated adults could not take into their understandings without a lexicon. Gospel fishermen have let down their baits from the pulpit with nothing worth biting at. A nibble or two might be given followed by a general turning away. The baits were too large for ordinary swallowing. What a vast amount of preaching is worse than lost because too high and dry—too far removed from human want and comprehension!

The fishing should always be according to the fish. Some swim in deep waters and need a long line to reach them. Some keep well to the surface; others go in compact bodies, hence we speak of schools of fish. Some keep by themselves watching for prey near the rocks or under the shelving banks. Some are bold and fearless, others shy and suspicious. Some can be driven into the net by shouting and splashing the waters. The larger number can be caught after a gentle rain in the early morning, or after the sun has passed under a cloud, all of which is strikingly suggestive of appropriate times and seasons for the winning of souls. Bearing in mind the varieties of human nature as calling for diversity of treatment, Paul tells us that he became all things to all men—to the Jews as a Jew, to the Greeks as a Greek,—that he might catch some, though liable to the charge of catching them by guile. Some moral fishermen proceed upon the supposition that the fish ought to bite because it is their profession to angle for them; but to the subjects of this labor the matter does not appear in this light, and he who would benefit the character of his fellows must make it as clear as he can that the catching will be their gain; that he seeks not theirs, but them, for better things in the present and the future. All those who make it their business to win men over from a lower to a higher plane of life must study their make-up, their physical, intellectual, and moral qualities. A man cannot angle for smelts as he would for flounders, for trout as he would for perch, or for rock bass or cod as he would for pickerel or muscalonge; the hooks, lines, baits, and treatment must be as diverse as the fish sought. Adaptation is a prime requisite for

success in the leadership of mankind, and a great many pretentious and fancy anglers, with all the latest improvements for piscatorial enterprises, return as empty as they went, while some rustic, with an extemporized pole and simple line, will leave the waters with a string heavy and shining with their spoils. Often the failure results from a want of observation of the signs of the skies, seeking for that which is unattainable because absent, letting the lines down too low when the subjects are near the surface, stopping just where there should be a beginning, or beginning where there should be an ending.

(To be continued.)

#### HEAR MUCH, BUT SAY LITTLE.

FRANCIS S. SMITH.

"Hear much, but say little," my masters—

You'll find it an axiom strong—

'Twill save you from many disasters,

As you journey life's pathway along.

Get what knowledge you can from your neigh- [bor,

But if he speaks ill of a foe,

Be silent—let not your tongue labor,

'Tis none of your business, you know.

"Hear much, but say little,"—you'll find it

A wise thing to bridle your speech—

There's freedom from trouble behind it—

'Tis better to practice than preach.

If you meet with a wise man or scholar,

And out in his company walk,

Let your mind his grand ideas follow,

For you nothing will learn if you talk.

—*N. Y. Weekly.*

#### SYMPATHY.

MARY WHITCHER.

Human sympathy, what is it?

Just a passing thought or word?

Or an inbred true compassion

Welling up mankind toward?

If the stream hath not a fountain,

Thoughts and feelings ebb and flow;

While the constant love and action,

Very few are blest to know.

Then true sympathy is god-like,  
Shining forth as doth the sun,  
Stationed in the heart or center,  
Giving warmth to every one.  
Who inherits hath a blessing,  
Who hath earned it, greater gain;  
But without it we're possessing  
Little worth the christian name.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

#### CONSIDERATION.

FLORA WILLIAMS.

*What went ye out into the wilderness to see? Matt. xi. 7.*

These were the words of Jesus to the multitude who had gathered to hear John preach.

May we not learn from this that we should always have a worthy object in view in attending places dedicated to religious worship, no matter what the profession of the worshipers may be, a respectful attention is demanded of us as rational beings. It does not become us to act like creatures led by instinct, without reflection or motive. They as the Scripture says, have no understanding and must be guided by those above them. But, God has bestowed upon man a higher form of intelligence capable of comprehending divine truths. And wherein is this pre-eminence to appear but in our acting wisely and with design?

Design is essential to moral conduct, and though a good motive cannot sanctify a bad action, a bad motive will always vitiate a good action. The Pharisees fasted and prayed and gave alms; but it was to be seen of men; and thus the deed was corrupted in its principle.

An individual that acts without a motive never acts in earnest. It is the result to be obtained, that stimulates the zeal; that sweetens labor; that repays



every expense. What could induce a patient to submit to the amputation of a limb, but the thought of restoration and preservation of life and health?

In common and trivial matters, we may sometimes act without motive, but in every duty pertaining to our moral growth and development in religious life, we should be actively in earnest and never in any degree trifle with divine things; it impairs the conscience and deadens the moral sensibility.

The object in attending religious worship should be to gain useful instruction to have truths re-applied and re-impressed. If we do not seek new light, it is desirable to have the mind quickened by remembrance of forgotten truth, and to have our knowledge reduced to living works. It is written, that if we "draw nigh unto God, that he will draw nigh unto us."

*Canterbury, N. H.*

### MORNING THOUGHTS.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

Even as the sun in the beauty and glory of its rising, shineth out from the east, and sheds its glowing effulgence over hill and valley; so, in the fullness of Thy blessing, beneficent Father and Mother, I feel my soul immersed. Out of the chill and darkness of superstition's night, out of the blinding mists of error, Thy gracious spirit hath led me, until in Thy light I behold the life of immortal joy and hope.

My soul, made plastic by the influences of the molding power of truth, shall be fashioned according to Thy will, a vessel fit for service in the temple of Infinite Love, where all nations, kindreds, tongues and people shall mingle

their offerings of praise to Thee, the First Great Cause, the Central Sun of all existence.

I feel the expanding life of the soul of Universal Good which permeates material things; it bursts the casements of earth-bound thought, and the germs of all that is true and pure, spring upward to the light.

O God! Wisdom and Love, benignant, merciful and just! As I behold Thee, visible in all the length and breadth of this grand universe; as I contemplate the vastness of Thy creations of thought; the perfectness of Thy laws, and the harmonious relation existing between the mighty forces that carry on the ceaseless motions of vast systems of worlds; I am bewildered, over-awed, and wrapt in reverential admiration.

How narrow the mind that cramps Thy revelations in a creed; that closes the volume of Thy truth, and stifles the inspiration of Thy life, ever welling up in the unfolding soul.

Expand, O mind of man! Leap the prison walls of dogmatism; drink in the light of heaven that beameth even from the east to the west. The painted windows of man-made sanctuaries have too long intercepted its glorious rays; while thy religious nature, has been clouded by the darkening shadows of false theology.

Up! for the morning dawns; put forth all thy energies; scale the eternal hills of truth; find rest only where living streams are flowing in pleasant valleys; where the jarring strife of passion is not known; where man with man in holy brotherhood, do justice, love mercy, and walk uprightly according to the law of God written in their hearts.

Then earth shall blossom and teem

with the fruitage of universal love, and no dark veil shall hide the brightness of that sun that ushers in the day of everlasting peace.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

### LETTER BOX.

Enfield, Conn.

Dear Youth:—If you make earthly pleasure your object of life, you will fail of obtaining real happiness. You cannot afford to live without a noble aim or purpose. It is sad to see youth with God-given talents and abilities, yield to the "Adversary" when he says, "All these things will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me."

It is sad to see valuable youth wasting golden opportunities, regardless of the dictates of conscience. "Death is the wages of sin." Be not deceived, but "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Cry unto God, "deliver us from evil."

He is able to keep you from falling. Be pure in heart. Let nothing else satisfy you. "Seek first the kingdom of God." Cultivate the immortal part. Exemplify in daily life that which is true and virtuous. Expand and beautify every noble attribute. Now are your golden days. Have a noble object in view, and with all your might, press forward until it is yours. Let your aspirations be high, your intentions honest, your lives pure, and all will be well. Life is a race and you are on the course. Don't "look back," or you will suffer defeat. ... Your Brother,

Daniel Orcutt.

### RULES FOR NEW-BEGINNERS.

DANIEL OFFORD.

1. When hitching on to a wagon, always put up the pole, or shafts, before hitching the traces.

2. When unhitching from a wagon, or sleigh, always unhitch all the traces, before doing up the lines or letting down the pole.

3. When taking the team out, especially in

the morning, be extra patient and gentle, for they are then the most full of life, which life should be directed and guided by the teamster, not provoked by impatience into ugliness. If the team is inclined to back out with a rush, take them by the head and do not use the whip, but speak kindly and deal gently.

4. After getting hitched on to the wagon or sleigh, never start off the instant you get in, but teach the team to stand still till you are sure everything is all right. Glance over the harness and whiffle-trees before starting—make this a habit.

5. After you have driven or been at work and have occasion to stand awhile, put the blankets on, if the weather be at all cold.

6. Never leave the team a minute without hitching!

7. Always hitch with ties, not with the lines, or bridle, unless from absolute necessity.

8. Always take your ties with you.

9. When a horse is sweaty, never let him drink more than a small pail of water—never let him go to the water tub and drink all he inclines to, when he is warm, whether on the road, or going to the stable.

10. Upon putting the team into the stable, never leave the door open so that the cool, or cold air will blow upon them.

11. On no account, take the lamp when it is lighted, out of the lantern, in the stable or barn—have a place to hang it.

12. Always know that your team is all right, before you retire.

13. Remember that it is with harness as with your own clothes—a stitch in time will often save much loss.

14. Govern your own spirit, if you would have perfect control of your horse. Never strike a horse when you are out of temper. Reprove your own self, then you will succeed much better in training your team.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.

## THE MANIFESTO. AUGUST, 1883.

### NOTES.

In the Church of Christ there is to be one faith, which in its ultimate development must lead on to one baptism,—that of the Holy Spirit.

This cannot be otherwise than a living and actively growing faith which sees and feels and comprehends what may be wanted to maintain this very desirable condition, of the soul.

The ceremonial form which John the Baptist was commissioned to use was only the preliminary step to a greater work and to a higher calling. Jesus accepted it as a fulfillment of righteousness, but his baptism into a oneness with God, made him a Teacher of God's will to man, and a Savior of the world.

In this he becomes our example in humility, in his practical self-denial and in his zeal for the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon the earth.

As disciples we must become one with the divine Teacher, when the heavens will be open to our view, and the Angels of God can be no less faithful in their manifestations of care and guidance into the truth. Our lives must correspond with his life, our righteousness with his righteousness and our zeal for the maintenance of the principles of truth, must be moulded by his form of zeal and grow in his likeness for the prosperity of God's work.

To accept the profession of a christian without making continuous and strenuous efforts to learn the righteousness of this new life, and then to secure and put on the whole armor of God, is a sad waste of time and the squandering of a precious privilege.

We profess to follow Christ. He left the Adamic plane of generation and gave his life, a holy consecration, to the establishing of the work of re-generation. His kindred were to be known as those who were seeking to do the will of God.

We certainly cannot be justified to do less. "No man can serve two masters." To follow Christ we must forsake the life of the children of this world. Our relation must be of the same order as was his relation, it must be among those who have come out from the old, selfish, inheritance of the flesh, and be placed among those who have established their hope on a spiritual foundation.

These are the fruits which follow a baptism of the Holy Spirit, and which affords life and peace to the soul.

As an evidence that he had renounced the world with all its treasures and pleasures, that he might obtain a treasure in heaven, Jesus gives this graphic illustration,—“The foxes have holes, in which to dwell, the birds have their nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.” His time, his ability, all that he was privileged to possess in this world was consecrated to God, and given in support of the mission to which he was called.

Tempted in all points, as we are, and yet without sin, he became so successful that he was able to say, “Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world.”

We have a corresponding privilege to manifest our love for God, and to follow our Teacher in righteousness, by forsaking the earthly and securing the heavenly treasures. Like him we may pass through trials, and be subjected to temptations, in their multiplied forms, but if we have forsaken ALL we may

have the pleasant experience of being able to testify with him.—“Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world.”

As Jesus secured his inheritance by a daily cross and by a strong self-denial, his followers must walk carefully, in his footsteps in order to obtain the same divine blessing.

This journey of faith toward the baptism of the Holy Spirit of Christ leads us into the elements of eternal life, and makes our lives one with Christ, in virgin purity, in consecration to God, and in our separation from the world.

## Sanitary.

### APHORISMS FROM DR. HALL'S WORKS.

To live long, and well, and usefully, be temperate in all things, remembering that the only certain and effectual way of being temperate in reference to liquor is, never taste a drop.

What a grand thing for the doctors that so few people have any sense, not even sense enough to keep well, by living justly, living temperately, etc.

True wisdom lies in the moderate use of all the good things of this life.

Alcohol has an affinity for the brain. Within an hour after a glass of brandy is swallowed, more of it is found in a given quantity of brain than in any equal quantity of blood.

Man is the only animal that drinks without being thirsty.

If you are eating and find you have had enough and don't want a mouthful more, why in the world don't you stop? There is not a pig or puppy or poodle in existence that has not sense enough to stop eating when he's got enough. Your brother, the donkey, does it. Don't you see you are more than a mule? Aren't you ashamed of yourself for doing such stupid things and putting yourself beneath the brutes which perish?

Let no other man's appetite be a guide for your stomach.

Let every man watch over his habits; cultivate those which are good, and break off those which in the end destroy both body and soul.

If alcohol is food, why not give it to your horses? If liquor fattens, why not give it to your beef cattle, your turkeys, your pigs—a good dram of it night and morning?

All radical reformers aim at preventives, rather than rectifications.

Brandy kills multitudes every year who enjoyed perfect health before they began to use it: hence it would seem fair to infer that it will kill the sick more speedily.

It is well to give bad animals as well as bad men a wide berth.

If “bitters” aid digestion, why is it that those who take them all the time are never well?

Temperance, cleanliness and industry! This is the hygiene of the Bible,—a “pathy” as old as the race.

The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

As men have lived in perfect health without liquor, the use of liquor can not add to that health, because a man cannot be better than well.

As to use of wines, beers, brandies, cider, opium and tobacco, the only infallible guarantee from a wasted life, an early death, the gutter, or the mad-house, is in obeying the counsel of the inspired volume, “Touch not, taste not, handle not.”

Nature is never cheated.

### OUR TEETH.

THEY decay. Hence unseemly mouths, bad breath, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? I reply, *want of cleanliness.* A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place, 98 degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth soon decompose. Gums and teeth must suffer.

Perfect cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. How shall it be secured? Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating; brush and castile soap every morning; the brush with simple water on going to bed. Bestow this trifling care upon your precious

teeth, and you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care.

Sugar, acid, saleratus and hot things are nothing when compared with food decomposing between the teeth. Mercurialization may loosen the teeth, long use wear them out, but keep them clean and they will never decay. This advice is worth thousands of dollars to every boy and girl. Books have been written on the subject. This brief article contains all that is essential.

Never have a tooth taken out if it be possible to have it filled. The loss of a single jaw-tooth will not only give the cheek a sunk-en appearance, but it will prevent the proper mastication of the food, and this is a long step toward dyspepsia, with its train of evils.

*Domestic Journal.*

[Contributed by G. B. Avery.]

#### TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

BY JOHN MITCHELL.

"My father," said John, "used both Rum and Tobacco, and I took to his example as a duck to the water. I smoked young, and it created a fiery appetite for alcoholic drinks, which resulted in making me a drunkard. When twenty years old, my case was alarming, and my friends took unbounded pains to pluck me from destruction.

"About this time, I was induced by a young friend to attend a Temperance lecture, by Dr. Jewett. The doctor's wit fascinated me, and his logic impelled me to sign the Pledge that night. The Pledge, however, was but a partial thing. It prohibited Strong Drink in all forms, but not Tobacco. I soon found that in renouncing one stimulant, I used a double quantity of another or, in the words of Theodore D. Weld, I had 'Swapped Brandy for Tobacco!' In fact, I ate Tobacco as an ox eats green clover; and this terrible appetite created a thirst for Rum more fierce than I had ever experienced. My Throat was parched—my chest was a furnace; and I said, 'drink I must, and drink I will!' and like a dog to his vomit, I went back to my cups.

"In two years from this time, by a happy Providence, I heard a lecture on Tobacco, which showed me my mistake, and snatched me from perdition. The lecturer maintained that nine drunkards to ten, probably ninety-nine to a hundred, were Tobacco users; that the Tobacco habit was a boyish one, early formed, and laid the foundations of the gloomy structure of a drunkard; the Washingtonians, who apostatized, were Tobacco sots, almost to a man; that the Pledge, to be safe, must go against Drug and Drink; and that thousands of drunkards; by giving up Tobacco first, had soon given up Rum with comparative ease. Tobacco feeds a fire which no Temperance efforts can quench.

I followed the lecturer's advice, and that night threw away my Tobacco forever.

"Now came the tug of war, not with my bottle, but with my PIPE. I was unnerved, my nerves were like the sails of a ship dismantled by the storm. I felt *nothing*, thought nothing, did nothing, and, like the poor college student, I cried, 'I need Tobacco to give me Resolution to give up Tobacco!'

But God was on my side. I avoided old scenes and associates; I avoided gluttony, and sparingly used nutritious food. I used cold water freely, inside and outside. To raise my prostrate nerves and banish my 'awful goneness,' I used the Fitchburg Antidote a few days; and with gratitude to God I can say, I then conquered both Tobacco and Rum and for seven years have trampled both demons under foot.

"Hence, I would say to every Temperance Lodge and Temperance Society and Temperance Man, the world over, YOU CAN'T CURE A DRUNKARD WHILEST A SLAVE TO HIS PIPE."

*From Anti-Tobacco Tract.*

*The Day Star.*

#### ONE WITH GOD.

Who feels there is a God  
And gives their all to Him,  
Can never falter on the road,  
Or faint through sacrifice or pain;  
The earth is likewise theirs,  
His creatures all their own:  
For every insect well he cares,  
And such with God are one.—M. W.



## House & Farm.

**Watermelon Preserve.**—To 30 lbs. of melon add 34 lbs. sugar. Cut the melon in pieces an inch thick, or larger if preferred, and boil in 9 quarts of cider, or acid water, until it is soft, then skim out into a cullender to drain. Pour out the cider and put in the sugar, with water enough to dissolve it readily, and skim it well. Then put in the melon, and let it boil until it looks clear.—*M. C.*

**Tomato Catsup.**—To a peck of tomatoes, boiled soft, and strained in a sieve that will allow the pulp to run through. Add four table spoonfuls of salt, four of ground pepper, four of ground mustard seed, two of ground allspice two of ground cloves, one of cayenne pepper, one gallon of strong vinegar, boil gently three hours, cool and bottle. *M. C.*

**Care of Irons.**—When irons become rough or smoky, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface and rub them well; it will prevent them from sticking to anything starched, and make them smooth; or scour with bath-brick before heating, and when hot rub well with salt, and then with a small piece of bees-wax tied up in a rag, after which wipe clean on a dry cloth. A piece of fine sand paper is also a good thing to have near the stove, or a hard, smooth board covered with brick-dust, to rub each iron on when it is put back on the stove, so that no starch may remain to be burnt on. Put bees-wax between pieces of paper or cloth and keep on the table close by the flat-iron stand. If the irons get coated with scorched starch, rub them over the paper that holds the starch and it will come off. Rubbing the iron over the waxed paper, even if no starch adheres, adds to the glossiness of the linen that is ironed.

### Religious Telescope.

COOKING does not render diseased or putrefying meat wholesome.

**To remove a scorch.**—If a shirt-bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sun will fall directly upon it. It will take it entirely out.

**Worms.**—"The Formation of Vegetable Mold through the Action of Worms" is the title of Mr. Darwin's latest book. He says that every English earth-worm—a creature which is little else than a digestive apparatus—probably passes, on an average, about twenty ounces of matter through its body in a year. It brings this matter to the surface of the earth, and there deposits it, and brings it up in a very different form from that in which the matter existed before it passed through the worm. The earth is digested or triturated in the gizzard of the worm, and combined with the fibrous parts of the leaves on which it feeds and with which it lines its burrows. The mold that results is what is known as "vegetable mold." He says: "When we behold a wide turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms. It is a marvelous reflection that the whole of the superficial mold over any such expanse has passed, and will again pass every few years, through the bodies of the worm. The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions: but, long before he existed, the land was in fact regularly ploughed and still continues to be thus ploughed, by earth-worms."

In many parts of England, Mr. Darwin estimates that more than ten tons of dry earth annually passes through their bodies, and are brought to the surface on each acre of land. Supposing that in Great Britain there are thirty-two millions of such acres, three hundred and twenty millions of tons of earth are brought to the surface by them, in Great Britain alone, in a single year.—*Selected.*

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails put them on; eight bushels of good lime, fifteen bushels of sand, one bushel of hair will make about enough mortar to plaster one hundred yards. A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall. One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred square feet of surface, and

eight pounds of nails fasten them on. One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface, because of the lap in the siding and the matching of the floor. Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen long. *Selected.*

#### THE WOODCHUCK.

Woodchucks are very pretty creatures, although they are mischievous and we are sometimes obliged to kill them. Once we had some beans planted on the farm, and there was a company of woodchucks, that began to harvest the beans before they were ripe. The man who took charge of the farm put an end to their trespassing, and saved his beans, by setting traps and catching the animals.

I guess after we catch all of them we shall have better crops. Albertis.—Age, 10 yrs.

#### Select.

#### THE STINGING TREE.

The stinging tree of Queensland, Australia, is a luxurious shrub, pleasing to the eye but dangerous to the touch. It grows from two or three inches to ten or fifteen feet in height, and emits a disagreeable odor. Says a traveler, "Sometimes while shooting turkeys in the shrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree till I was warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterwards the part when touched is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc.

I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain, lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously biting pieces from the affected part.

—Frank Leslie's Ill.

#### WANTED, MEN.

We take up the paper daily, and casting our glances down the long column we see many persons asked for after the word "Wanted." Cooks and chamber-maids, coachmen and butlers, clerks and porters are needed here and there and everywhere.

And yet the greatest need of the nineteenth century we do not see advertised, and if we did all that could conscientiously apply would find room for employment, and still there would be acres at least of unoccupied space.

Men wanted. Men who are honest and pure. Men who are wholesome and truthful. Men who will not be bribed. Men who are like fair, refreshing fruit, sound at the heart's core.

Men wanted. Men who are unwilling to eat the bread of idleness. Men who will scorn to wear what they have not honestly paid for. Men who know what ought to be done and will do it. Men who are not egotistic, but rather have the courage given by the spirit to do and to dare. Men who will give good counsel, who will set a good example for emulation, who will sympathize with the grieving and succor the distressed. Men who will scorn to do a base thing even in their zeal for a friend; for as Jeremy Taylor says, he that does, "burns the golden thread that ties them together." Men who know how to obey before they take the command. Men who do more than they talk. Men who do good to their friends to keep them, and to their enemies to gain them. Men whose hearts compare favorably with full pocket-books—who believe in systematic giving and advocate it. Men whose hearts are touched by the sadness of others, who are moved by a little hungry face and cold bare feet.

Men wanted. Men who are brave and tender, who are not ashamed to wipe tears away. Men whose acts will bring smiles to wan faces. Men who hush lamentations, and are rewarded with sweet songs of thanksgiving.

—Sherman Democrat.

Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.—Steele.

## LIFE IN THE WOODS, NO. 5.

GRANVILLE T. SPROAT.

It was in the month of September, 1837, that, having closed up my school in camp I started on a second vaccinating tour across the great plains that lay across the sources of the Mississippi. It was, I said, the month of September, the month in which the Indians say, "The Fire Spirits are awake," that, with Ma-gwah-gah-bo for a guide, I started on my journey. The weather had been very fine for many days; there had been no rain for nearly a month, and we had noticed, at a distance, as we lay down at night, the distant horizon glowing, as if it caught its hue from burning prairies. Still we did not feel any particular cause for alarm, as the fire, if there was any, must be at an immense distance, and therefore not likely to visit us, without giving us sufficient opportunity to escape.

It was about two o'clock, in the morning, that I was aroused by the voice of Ma-gwah-gah-bo, sounding at the door of my wigwam. "*Ish-ko-da! ish-ko-da! wain-je-tah! wa-weep!*" (Fire! fire! get up! haste! the Fire Spirits are upon us.) I sprang up, and rushed to the door of my wigwam, to witness a sight such as I had never seen before.

The whole western horizon, far and near, was one vast sheet of liquid, rolling flame. It streamed up far past our meridian, blazing, and dazzling over-head above even the place where we stood. "*Wa-weep! wa-weep!*" (quick! quick! for life!) cried Ma-gwah-gah-bo; and away he rushed through the tall grass, myself following close at his heels. He sprang over the prairie, I with difficulty keeping up. Such speed he made, although he had to break his way through the tall prairie grass before us. At last he reached a rising swell of land, and as we gained the summit, and began to descend on the opposite slope. I perceived before us a broad marsh filled with reeds standing in the midst of water. But the fire, was by this time, upon us; we could feel the heat as we descended towards the marsh; the air became close like an oven. I was covered with perspiration, and felt my strength rapidly going. As we reached the shores of the marsh I threw

myself down, perfectly exhausted. "Get up! get up!" cries Ma-gwah-gah-bo. "Haste you will burn to death here!" "Life or death," I exclaimed, "I cannot go one step farther." "Get on to my back, then," cries the old man, "get on to my back." I did get on to his back, and he carried me on, running with me a great distance toward the centre of the marsh. He then threw me over his head into the water, laying himself close beside me, and saying, "Keep under! keep under! and watch for the burning clouds!" By "burning clouds," he meant heavy masses of burning prairie grass brought here by the wind, and lighting all around us, which, if they fell on us, would burn, or smother us.

Here we lay amid the rushes and water, looking out on the terrible scene before us. Yonder, over the swell that we had just passed, came the flames, rolling and rolling onwards, a vast deluge of fire. Down the descent they came, we could hear them hiss as they reached the waters of the marsh, and see them careering, like race horses, along its shores, which seemed to say to them, "Thus far shall ye come, and no farther."

Presently I looked, and saw crouching among the reeds just beside me, something black—I knew not what. I said to Ma-gwah-gah-bo, "What is that?" "Ma-gwah!" he exclaimed, (A bear!) "Do you see that thing, which looks like a bush, yonder among the reeds? That is a moose, a moose's horns. Oh, we are not here alone. Company enough! company enough!" It was so indeed. All the animals in the vicinity had fled to this marsh for protection from the fire. "Will you kill them?" I asked, referring to the moose and the bear, for I had never before made a bear my bed-fellow. "Kill them! No! The same Great Spirit that sent us here sent them here! I will not hurt a hair of their heads."

After a few hours the fire passed off, leaving behind it, a vast plain, covered with smouldering grass, whose damp roots the fire had not consumed.

The Indians make war not only against the lives of their enemies, but, also, against their language and inventions. They will not suffer their enemies names to be mentioned in their wigwams, and will have no spoils of

theirs, excepting their scalps. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate this fact, than by relating an incident which took place in the autumn of 1837.

I had been instructed to go across the Mississippi and vaccinate old Hole in the Day's band. Hole in the Day was a Sioux, and a mortal enemy to the O-jib-ways, with whom I made my home. I said to Ma-gwah-gah-bo.

"Tomorrow I cross the Mississippi, to visit the Sioux camp, on the other shore, and will depend on you to go with me, to paddle my canoe safely over," for the stream was rapid. The old man's countenance fell. "There never was an O-jib-wah" said he, "who ever went into the Sioux country and come back again alive." "You go, I replied, "under my own protection, and are as safe as I myself." "Well," he replied, "I put my life into your hands. I will go with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Discharged for Honesty.*—A country gentleman, says a Boston paper, placed a son with a merchant in—street, and for a season all went on well. But at length, the young man sold a dress to a lady, and as he was folding it up, he observed a flaw in the silk, and remarked, "Madame, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk." This spoiled the bargain. But the merchant overheard the remark; and had he reflected a moment, he might have reasoned thus with himself: "Now I am safe, while my affairs are committed to an *honest* clerk." But he was not pleased; so he wrote immediately to the father to come and take him home; for, said he, "*he will never make a merchant!*"

The father, who had brought up his son with the strictest care, was not a little surprised and grieved, and hastened to the city to ascertain wherein his son had been deficient. Said the anxious father, "And why will he not make a merchant?"

"Because he has no tact. Only a day or two since, he *voluntarily* told a lady who was buying silk, that the goods were damaged, and so I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it will be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is this all the fault?"

"Yes: he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I *thank you* for telling me of the matter; I would not have him in your store another day for the world."

*Selected.*

#### ARAB PECULIARITIES.

An arab is a queer fellow. On entering a house he removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse on the right side, while his wife milks the cow on the left side. In writing a letter he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. With him the point of a pin is its head, whilst its head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm even in Summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in Winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid, he weighs, but he measures wheat, barley and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about as much for dinner; but after the work of the day is done, he sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides a donkey when traveling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks or even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus and fireplaces may be placed in the same category. If he be an artisan he does work sitting, perhaps using his feet to hold what his hands are engaged upon. He drinks cold water with a sponge, but never bathes in it unless his home be on the seashore. He is rarely seen drunk, and is deficient in affection for his kindred. He has little curiosity and no imitation; no wish to improve his mind, and no desire to surround himself with the comforts of Life.

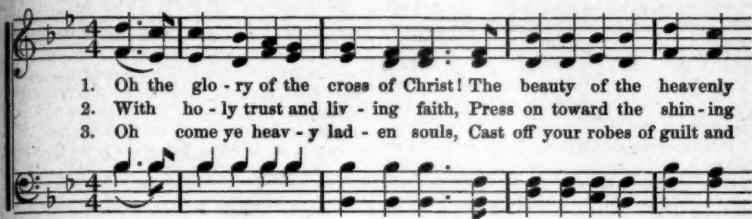
*Frank Leslie's Ill.*

Scarcely have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed.

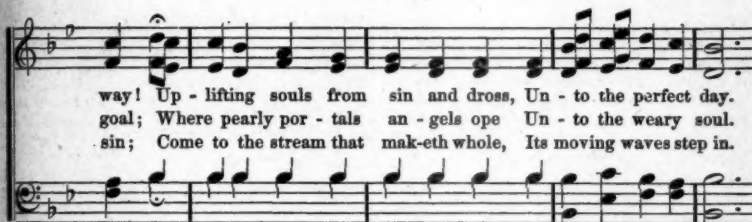
*Franklin.*

## THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

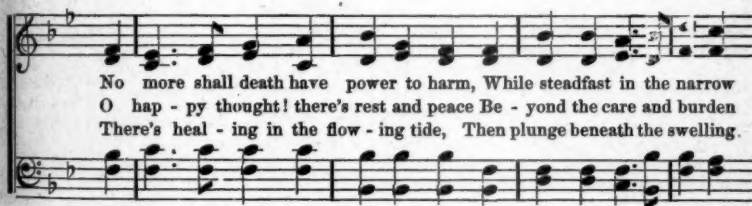
CANAAN, N. Y.



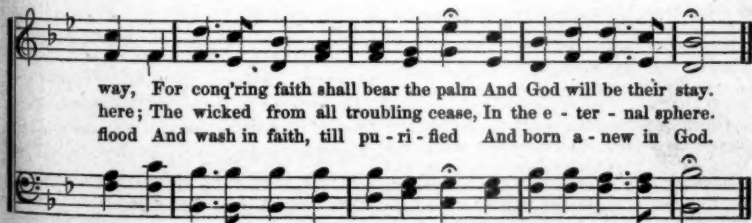
1. Oh the glo - ry of the cross of Christ! The beauty of the heavenly  
 2. With ho - ly trust and liv - ing faith, Press on toward the shin - ing  
 3. Oh come ye heav - y lad - en souls, Cast off your robes of guilt and



way! Up - lifting souls from sin and dross, Un - to the perfect day.  
 goal; Where pearly por - tals an - gels ope Un - to the weary soul.  
 sin; Come to the stream that mak - eth whole, Its moving waves step in.



No more shall death have power to harm, While steadfast in the narrow  
 O hap - py thought! there's rest and peace Be - yond the care and burden  
 There's heal - ing in the flow - ing tide, Then plunge beneath the swelling.



way, For conq'ring faith shall bear the palm And God will be their stay.  
 here; The wicked from all troubling cease, In the e - ter - nal sphere.  
 flood And wash in faith, till pu - ri - fied And born a - new in God.



## Books and Papers.

**THE HERALD OF HEALTH.** July; Contents: Substitutes for Brandy; Words from India; Physical Exercises and their Regulation; Be wise in Work, and in Recreation; Perfect Health; Antipathy to Fish Diet; Against Tobacco; Studies in Hygiene for Women. M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Publisher, 184½ Lighthouse St. N. Y. \$1.00 per. year.

**PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH,** May; Contents: Modern Drama; The true Basis for the Science of Mind. Krao, the missing Link, Illustrated; God, Immortality and Deity; Bermuda Easter Lily; Fredrika Bremer, with Portrait; Aunt Ellery's Ideal; Contagious Diseases; Offensive Breath; Treatment of the Hair; Editorial Items; Answers to Correspondents; etc., etc. Fowler and Wells, 753 Broadway, N. Y. \$2.00 per. year.

**HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH,** May; Contents: Methods of Building up Health; Pure Air and Pure Blood; Piles; The Family Table; The Scarlet Fever; How to be young at Eighty; Cheerful People; Efficacy of Vaccination; Food Adulteration; Sleep; etc. E. H. Gibbs, M. D. 21 Clinton Place, Eighth Street, N. Y. Terms \$1.00 a year.

**THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY** for July is a most brilliant number of that periodical. It contains the usual Sermonic matter from the most popular preachers. Among them J. W. Ryland, D. D.; C. H. Fowler, D. D.; Canon Farrar R. S. Storrs, D. D.; David Swing; Rev. J. E. Converse; Adolph Sophr, D. D.; Decoration Services, by N. D. Williamson and Rev. T. Johnson Lamont; Prayer-meeting Services; Comments on Hebrews; Dr. Schaff's second article on the "Homiletic Value of the Revised Version" is exceedingly interesting, as is also Dr. Ormiston's Commentary on James; The Methodist divines come forward in this number and express their views as to the best methods of preaching; Dr. Chamber on Misquoted Texts; D. H. Wheeler, LL. D., brings to us "Truth From an Enemy," and John Hall, D. D., stands up for the Independence of the Ministry. Surely the above is abundant for one month. There still remain editorials, brief discussions, quaint and useful "Homiletic Materials in the Rough"—all written in masterly style. \$2.50 a year; FUNK & WAGNALLS, 10 & 12 Dey St. New York.

### Washington Irving's "Crayon Papers."

This very Prince in the realm of letters is at last able to enter the homes of ordinary mortals. Until lately his inimitable productions have been practically inaccessible on account of their high cost. The recent expiration of copyright has freed them from the short-sighted monopoly which has preferred to harvest the *dollars* of the thousands rather than the *dimes* of the millions of his countrymen who take delight in his memory. The very beautiful Elzevir edition of his "Crayon Papers," with a brilliant sketch of the Life of Irving by the poet, R. H.

Stoddard, making a volume of over 350 pages, is just issued and the publisher with a view to securing promptly the immense sale that is necessary to make the low price possible, offers to send, if ordered at once, a specimen copy, in neat cloth binding to any address, for the nominal price of 35 cents, or in half Russia binding for 45 cents. Irving's complete Works are offered for prices ranging from less than \$6.00, upwards. The cheapest edition until recently cost over \$30.00. The publisher will send specimen pages free to any one upon request.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey Street, New York.

[Contributed by S. S. Woods.]

### STICK TO OLD FRIENDS.

Never give up old friends for new ones. Make new ones, if you like, and when you have found that you can trust them, love them if you will, but remember the old ones still. Do not forget they have been tried and found true; that they have been merry with you in time of pleasure, and when sorrow came to you they sorrowed also. No matter if they have gone down in the social scale and you up; no matter if poverty and misfortune have come to them while prosperity and plenty have fallen to you—are they any the less true for that? Are not their hearts as warm and tender if they do beat beneath homespun instead of velvet? Yes, kind friends, they are as true, and tender, and loving, and don't forget old friends.

*Selected.*

The finer the nature, the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitterer blight.—*Ruskin.*

## Deaths.

Harvard, Mass. July, 1893.

Our Beloved and venerable sister, Eunice Bathrick, migrated to the next phase of human existence, June 24th, in the 90th, year of her age. She was the oldest proprietor in the Society, and was widely known by her letters of correspondence with the different Societies, and many other friends who will miss the inspiration of her encouraging epistles. HER'S IS A CROWN OF LIFE.

*Elijah Myrick.*